

In Memoriam

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In Affectionate Remembrance

OF

FRANCES CRAMP,

BELoved WIFE OF GEORGE B. MUIR, AND DAUGHTER
OF THE LATE J. M. CRAMP, D.D.

BORN AT ST. PETERS, ISLE OF THANET, JANUARY 12TH, 1830.

DIED AT MONTREAL, CANADA, JANUARY 26TH, 1892.

Montreal:

MORTON, PHILLIPS & Co., STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.

1892.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at the bar,
When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have cross'd the bar.

Alfred Tennyson.

PREFACE.

About twelve years ago, I began to collect my mother's poems, and as each appeared it found a place in my scrap-book, where are many beautiful specimens of prose and verse, quick repartee, and timely jest, but where nothing is so loved and honored as the words penned from time to time by the dear one, who is now gone from us. In the year 1877, happening to be in Granby at the house of Madame Normandeau, who was an old and beloved friend of my mother's, she gladdened my eyes by showing me a copy of the poem, "Thoughts on my twenty-first Birthday," written in 1851. It was, I think, the only copy extant, and I can well remember the pleasure and surprise of my father when I told him of my discovery. After mother's death the lines "To My Husband," were found in her desk, and it was with reverent feelings and careful hand that I copied the faded writing of nearly forty years ago.

Several of the poems are of a personal nature, but I felt that the collection would be incomplete without them, and as the little book is only intended for those who are endeared to my mother by the ties of kindred, love or friendship, I feel that all who peruse them will treat them as sacredly as they deserve.

My mother's kind heart and sympathetic pen were ever ready to give comfort to those in trouble and sorrow; many could bear testimony to this. The "In Memoriam" poems, especially that on the death of my dear brother Frank, show how she could meet and bear the keenest sorrow with a brave heart herself.

To me the last poem is especially beautiful and touching, it recalls so graphically the dear old times when we were

little ones at home. This poem was sent to me with the "little pillow," in May, 1891, and was the last poem, as far as I know, that my mother wrote.

I have always thought that the most fitting memorial of the "Little Mater," as we often called her, would be her own poetic words; and that I should have been permitted to collect and arrange them has been to me a high honor. The task has been a sorrowful and also a pleasant one, for I feel that when the friends peruse them, and read the graceful tribute to her beloved memory contributed by her honored pastor, the Rev. A. G. Upham, they will know assuredly, that our mother has not lived in vain.

JOHN M. C. MUIR.

Montreal, March, 1892.

THE following address was delivered by the Rev. A. G. Upham at the funeral service held in the Olivet Baptist Church, January 28th, 1892 :

We are met here to pay the last earthly tribute of love to one who has long seemed as much too frail for this cold world as she was fitted for a brighter and a better. To many of us it has been a glad and a grateful surprise that she has been spared to us so long ; and now, although our hearts are sad as we think that we shall see her face no more in the flesh, we cannot wish her back. Death has surely brought her a happy release, and been "swallowed up in victory." Earth is the poorer but heaven is the richer for her translation, and calmly and confidently we can leave her with her Saviour and her God.

It is fitting that the service should be held here, for, next to her home, the church had the warmest place in her heart. Indeed her church *was* her spiritual home, and she loved it with a deep and an abiding love. The daughter of a servant of God "esteemed very highly in love for his work's sake," the late Rev. J. M. Cramp D.D., she was brought up in an atmosphere of Christian culture, and her earliest associations were with the church of Jesus Christ. She was a constituent member of this church, of whose worship and ordinances she has ever been a faithful and diligent supporter. Only a few weeks ago she was in her place in the weekly prayer meeting, when it seemed almost venturesome for her to be out of doors. But she had a place there as in all the services of the sanctuary, and nothing short of absolute necessity kept her from being in it. She "loved the habitation of God's house" and needed no exhortation not to "forsake" it. In years gone by, when health and strength permitted, she gave largely of her time and her talents to various good works, indeed to the very last she did what she could. When she could not go and speak for some good cause, she could write, and many are the occasions that she has enlivened and many the hearts that she has cheered by her graceful and poetic pen. She will be missed in many places, in the Woman's Foreign Mission Circle and Society, and most of all in the Ladies' Grande Ligne Association of this city, the work of which, as of the dear Mission with which it is connected, has for many years entered largely into all her life.

How much she has been to me and mine I hardly dare say, it has been so much. Herself a pastor's daughter, she appreciated the pastoral relation and drew her pastor to her by a constant remembrance of those little courtesies and kindnesses which do so much to sweeten life and help one over the hard places. It was always a refreshment and an

inspiration to visit her, and listen to her questions and suggestions concerning the work of the Lord, committed to our hands. I shall always account it as one of the great blessings of my life to have known Mrs. Muir.

But her friends were not confined to those of her own church; she loved "all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," and was interested in everything that makes for the welfare of that kingdom which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." In a peculiar manner she was formed for friendship, and social leadership. She was blessed with rare social gifts, her mind was well stored with good things, and she had the happy faculty of pleasant and appropriate expression, which lent a charm to whatever she said. She had an elastic step, a graceful mien and carriage, betokening the bright and sunny disposition within, and above all an indomitable will, which enabled her to triumph over many weaknesses of the flesh. In many ways she seemed to realize the poet's ideal of

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light."

I cannot wonder that for many years her home was the abode of a bounteous Christian hospitality, or that she drew good friends about her wherever she went, and became the centre of many a charming circle.

What she was to her own household, those most sorely stricken to-day best know, and need not that any should tell them. But it was easy even for a visitor to see that she moved among them the gentle and acknowledged queen, loving and beloved. The blow which fell upon them all just two years ago, when the eldest son was taken, rested with peculiar heaviness upon her and gave an undertone of sadness to all her latter days. The following words, her own heart's cry at this sore affliction, best show her attitude of mind and spirit in the closing portion of her earthly pilgrimage:—

Father in Heaven! throughout life's changeful way
Thyself hath let, so now, as day by day
We miss our loved one, and the gathering night
Grows cheerless to our sad and fading sight;
We can still trust, for "what we know not now"
Faith's *afterward* suffices, to thy will we bow,
Grateful for all the joy the past has known,
Counting the blessings which remain our own,
We wait the dawn, and watch its earliest ray,
"Till the day break, the shadows flee away."

Surely for her that day has broken, and the shadows are fled. Now she will see no longer "as in a mirror obscurely," but "face to face." Now she "will know" even as also she "has been known." Now she will hold eternal communion with her sainted father, whom she so much revered, with all the precious dead that have "died in the Lord," and most of all with her enthroned and adorable Redeemer. She will "see His face, and His name will be in her forehead." She has done with death, and sorrow, and sin forever. And as we listen we can almost hear her as she joins the heavenly host and sings, "unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen."

Verily for her, for her dear ones who "a little longer wait," for this church, and for the many friends who "weep with them that weep," God "turneth the shadow of death into the morning."

The following is an extract from a letter addressed to Mr. Geo. B. Muir, by the Rev. W. N. Clarke, D.D., late pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church. It is dated at Los Angeles, California, February 13th, 1892.

"For a long time Mrs. Muir has seemed to have but a very slight hold on this mortal life, or rather, this mortal life has seemed to have but a very slight hold upon her. Her spirit has grown away from her.

"I wish I could fitly express, for Mrs. Clarke and myself, our sense of her great beauty of mind and character. Her wonderful delicacy of thought and feeling, her natural gracefulness of mind, her warm affectionateness of spirit, her fidelity to her friends, her patience and cheerfulness, her inward spirituality made their impression upon us long ago, and its impression has only been strengthened by acquaintance. As I think of her now, she seems to me one of the most beautiful human beings that I have ever known. You are happy in having had her so many years for the main element in your life, and you may have the satisfaction, now that she is parted from you, of knowing that you have always profoundly appreciated her. . . . It is a great loss to us to have so beautiful a spirit go out of the circle of friends whom we can reach. But she remains the same to us all, even while we cannot reach her."

DEATH-SONG OF UNCA,

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

(Written at the age of Eighteen.)

Raise high the mournful death-song above our warrior's
head,
The eagle of the tireless wing sleeps with the quiet dead,
Prolong the echoing dirges, amid the forest trees,
And let its mournful cadence float on every passing breeze.

We saw thee in the battle, thy war-plume waving high,
But little thought that proud, young form, would early droop
and die;
Among the brave the bravest, and foremost 'mid the free,
Unca! the fearless eye grows dim, that calm, still, face to
see.

Thy step was like the graceful fawn's, it bounded o'er the
plain,
The foeman following in thy path, looked for its trace in
vain;
The thunder of thy voice was heard above the din of fight,
Thine eye with dazzling lustre shone, dark, beautiful, and
bright.

Young Mohican! thy race was short, thy sun has early set,
 But Ah! its glorious parting rays are lingering around thee
 yet ;
 Bright, and 'mid azure tints of gold, it bade our woods fare-
 well,
 Then sought the far-off spirit land, amid its clouds to dwell.

We can tell little of that land, its pathways are unknown,
 The warriors who have left our ranks have passed forth
 alone ;
 They came not back to tell us, of its flowers, and sunny
 streams,
 Though oft in fadeless beauty they haunt our midnight
 dreams.

Yet shrink not Mohican to touch, that verdant blooming
 strand,
 Its blessed hunting grounds are green, by cool soft breezes
 fanned,
 Its woodland haunts are gemmed with dew, its flowers are
 bright and fair,
 The white man, and the angry storm cannot molest thee there.

No kindred hand is near, to raise the turf for thy repose,
 All, all, have passed from earth away, as melt our wintry
 snows,
 But wert thou not more dear for this, gay summer blooming
 flowers,
 Less lovely seem, than the last bud of Autumn's fading hours.

We lay thee 'neath the waving grass, last warrior of thy tribe,
 Thy hunting knife and tomahawk, shall rest thy arm beside,
 And oft, when twilight shadows fall o'er streamlet, brook,
 and dell,
 We'll seek thy quiet resting place, for we have loved thee well.

Raise yet again the death-song, above our warrior's head,
 The eagle of the tireless wing sleeps with the quiet dead,
 Prolong the echoing dirges above the forest trees,
 And let its solemn cadence float, on every passing breeze!

THOUGHTS ON MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Time, with its ever rolling tide, floats silently along
 Through summer breeze, and wintry storm it rolls untiring
 on;
 But thought may linger, and I'd chain its airy flight to-day,
 For many voices urge me now her wandering steps to stay.

While hope with fairy radiance bedecks my future path,
 Fond memory with pensive love is whispering of the past,
 And I will turn and gaze with her upon the shadowy scene,
 When spring-time flowerets brightly bloom, and girlhood's
 steps have been.

There is a spot, far far away, across the blue sea's foam,
 Methinks I see it even now, my early childhood's home,
 The garden with its little gate, the roses peeping through,
 Where the fair snow-drop drooped its head, and purple
 violets grew.

A merry band of little ones together there we played,
 Or wandered to the meadow green, where daisy wreaths
 were made,
 I may not clasp each cherished hand of that beloved group,
 For time and change have scattered some, and one dear
 voice is mute.

But by the years together spent when summer days were
 bright,
 And by the tears together wept 'neath showers of passing
 blight,
 By prayer at the same altar breathed, ere yet the chain was
 riven,
 Father above! grant we may meet, a family in heaven.

But now I think me of the time when childhood's joys were
 o'er,
 And girlhood's spring time greeted me upon a stranger
 shore;
 Bright shone the coming future with its dreams of hope and
 love,
 A thornless path beneath my feet, stars shining bright
 above.

And ever blent with that sweet time a gentle voice I
 hear,
 Which told its tale of youthful love 'twixt joyous hope and
 fear,
 But I, the flattered and caressed, turned silently away,
 Nor paused, when once again those tones my wayward steps
 would stay.

And that fair girlhood which I dreamed would ever shine
 so bright,
 Oh it was dimmed with suffering days and many a weary
 night;
 Yes, strangely checkered was its path, now bright, now deep
 in gloom,
 Earth's sunny places darkened o'er with shadows from the
 tomb.

But time sped on, and one calm morn when autumn days
 were near,
 Though summer's glory lingered yet, as though each leaf was
 dear,
 They culled for me the last fair flowers from vale and
 mountain side,
 And loving ones, 'twixt smiles and tears, arrayed me as a
 bride.

Oh many were the stranger thoughts that o'er my bosom
 swept,
 As that same early love breathed forth its words of tenderness;
 I did not doubt the love of years, but tremblingly my heart
 Clung to the memories of home, the sunlight of the past.

The bridal flowers which decked me then have withered all
 away,
 They faded, e'er the sunset hour of that eventful day;
 But the bright hopes they shadowed forth with added lustre
 shine,
 And joyously my young heart owns, they never can decline.

Oh very precious is the love which since that hour I've
 known,
 And trustingly I cling to him who calls me all his own;
 May choicest blessings on his head in copious showers
 descend,
 My youth's best guide and counsellor, companion, husband,
 friend.

And as I look around to-day, with loving ones so near,
 My earthly path seems bright indeed with scarce an anxious
 fear;
 But well I know I may not rest amid these pleasant hours,
 For only on the "better shore" bloom never fading flowers.

My thought has traced the changeful way my wandering
 feet have trod,
 Oh gratefully my heart would own the guidance of its God ;
 Still may that heavenly hand direct, I would not chose the
 way,
 But upward, onward, be my course, till life's last closing day.

January 12th, 1851.

TO MY HUSBAND.

'Tis morning, and the song of birds
 Steals on the summer air,
 Gay fields and flowers are gemmed with dew,
 And decked in beauty rare.
 A scattered band, long parted now,
 Together, bend the knee,
 Oh it is sweet, yet dearest then
 My heart thoughts are with thee

'Tis noon, and in the pleasant shade
 With perfumed breezes nigh,
 We sit together and talk o'er
 The happy days gone by ;
 We dearly prize this quiet hour,
 Yet thus can fancy flee
 Far across the bounding wave,
 Back to its home and thee.

Evening comes on, and golden rays
 On vale and hill-top lie,
 Calm twilight falls, hushing each sound,
 To breeze like harmony.
 Then little feet of play time tired
 Rest in the mother's knee,
 And as I sing my boy to rest
 Remembrance turns on thee.

Still later, and that rosy cheek
 Is softly pressed to mine,
 The little arms in love and trust
 Closely my neck entwine ;
 Thus resting, quiet slumbers fall,
 While thought, unstayed and free,
 Oft wanders to thy lonely home
 Dreaming, I'm still with thee.

Dearest, I often muse upon
 The pathway we have trod,
 And bless thee for thy patient faith,
 Thy true unchanging love.
 Too fearful when dark clouds have lowered
 And shrinking from the blast,
 Safe shelter, have I ever found
 In thy kind faithful heart.

This aching heart and feeble frame
 With weariness oppressed,
 If severed from love's sympathy
 Would early sink to rest.
 Oh dearest, even now I long
 Thy pleasant voice to hear,
 God grant through all life's journey,
 Its hopeful power to cheer.

Forgive me all the waywardness
 And folly of the past,
 Thy summer of forgetfulness
 Has made the tear drop start ;
 My daily prayer when e'er I kneel
 Our little one beside,
 Is for heaven's blessing on thy path
 God's favour for thy guide.

Thy parting gift, so valued then,
 Oh now 'tis very dear,
 Earth's best beloved friend it brings
 In pictured semblance near ;
 Our boy is looking on it now,
 Calling thy cherished name,
 God spare thee and protect us all
 In joy to meet again.

Wolfville, July 9th, 1853.

OUR BABY,
 (HENRY HAVELOCK MUIR.)

(Died Aug. 10th, 1859.)

Little baby, precious baby,
 Longed and hoped for, come and gone,
 Mother's arms are sadly folded,
 Mother's care for thee is done :
 Loving hands about thee ever,
 Fain had stayed thy upward flight,
 Happy smiles thy morning greeting,
 Gushing tears thy last good-night.

Little baby, precious baby,
 Must I put his frocks away;
 Can the little cot be empty
 Gay with ribbons yesterday;
 All his pretty things I've gathered,
 Weeping o'er them one by one,
 Love and hope prepared their tokens
 Of our darling come and gone.

Little baby, precious baby,
 How we praised his star-bright eyes,
 Tearful oft, yet ever wandering
 To their home beyond the skies;
 Early wearied of life's journey,
 Liking not to see us weep,
 In his mother's arms our baby
 Hushed him for his last long sleep.

Little baby, precious baby,
 'Twas so hard to let thee go,
 Forth from mother's arms and kisses,
 All alone and laid so low;
 Not alone, ah, gently take him
 Where tall trees in beauty wave,
 Where our first born hope lies buried,
 Make the little baby's grave.

Little baby, precious baby,
 Turn we back to life again,
 Solemn life, where bitter partings
 Fill with memories of pain;
 Two above in Jesus' bosom,
 Safely housed from earthly woe,
 One is left our hearts to comfort,
 One to cherish here below.

When life's path grows dark and dreary,
 Heaven sheds down a brighter ray,
 Children's voices homeward calling,
 Can we miss the upward way?
 To the Saviour's tender keeping
 We entrust thee, treasured one,
 Little baby, precious baby,
 Longed and hoped for, come and gone.

TO LITTLE EVELYN.

(Written on receiving little Evelyn's picture, Feb. 20th, 1879.)

Pretty winsome darling,
 Smiling on me now,
 Blessings on those eager eyes,
 'Neath the sunny brow;
 Chubby hands, still just for once,
 Hidden the dainty feet,
 Why baby you're a treasure,
 Come, and kiss me sweet.

Now we know each other,
 I will tell you dear,
 Of living picture,
 (Yesterday 'twas here;)
 Such a merry maiden!
 Prized by friend and lover,
 Ah! your face recalls her now,
 Evelyn, 'twas your Mother!

Listen, while we whisper
 Of those bygone days,
 When she cheered us often
 With her loving ways —
 Pretty little blossom,
 May the coming years,
 Keep that untold tenderness,
 For thy childish tears.

We would deck thy future
 All in radiant bloom,
 Bright with buds and blossoms,
 Fresh from morn till noon.
 And we trust thee, darling,
 To Heaven's watchful care,
 God bless thee! precious baby,
 Our fond hearts leave thee there.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. JAMES MUIR.

(Who "fell asleep" Dec. 17th, 1879.)

Gone to rest, dear friend and sister,
 Weariness and pain are past,
 Life, with ebb and flow, has left thee
 On the better shore at last:
 Gone to rest, oh placid slumber,
 We the loving watch who keep,
 Softly whisper thus "He giveth,
 Unto His beloved sleep."

While we linger memory gathers
 From the midst of by-gone years,
 Kindly deeds and loving greetings,
 Mingled joys with hopes and fears.
 Those who in life's chequered journey
 Long have travelled by thy side,
 They will miss the tender welcome,
 Ever by those lips supplied.

When her feet beside the Jordan
 Shivering for a moment stood,
 Christ Himself the dark waves parted,
 Bore her gently o'er the flood;
 Trusting to his sure protection,
 Even when the waves rose high,
 Calm and safe, she heard the whisper,
 "Peace be still, behold 'tis I."

Lay around her buds and blossoms,
 Anxious care is ended now,
 Death is here but peace remaineth,
 Left by angels on her brow;
 So, farewell, until the dawning,
 When earth's shadows flee away,
 Meet we there beyond the river,
 Where God's smile makes endless day.

DEDICATION HYMN.

*(The following hymn was sung at the opening service of the
Olivet Baptist Church, March 25th, 1879.)*

God of our fathers! grateful hearts
Are met within these courts to-day,
Now, may Thy glory fill the house,
Make this Thy dwelling-place alway.

Here may the Gospel, full and free,
Proclaimed and taught, the people bless;
The theme unchanged, yet ever new,
Jesus, "The Lord our Righteousness."

Here, may the Spirit's mighty power,
Descending as in days of old,
Arouse the lost in sin and death,
Bring back the wanderer to the fold.

"The Olivet," a name endeared,
Enshrined in hope, baptized in love,
Hallowed by precious seasons spent
In converse sweet, with Christ above.

God of our fathers! when these lips,
Filling Thy courts with praise to-day,
Are hushed and still and others meet
In worship here, to sing and pray:

Then may our children rise and clasp
The sundered links Thy hand has riven,
And join with us to name this place
The house of prayer, the gate of Heaven.

WHERE IS GOD MY MAKER WHO GIVETH
SONGS IN THE NIGHT—(JOB x. 10.)

*(The following lines were written after hearing a sermon by the Rev.
Professor Richards in the Olivet Baptist Church,
from the above text.)*

Life hath its rough and lonely ways,
When, in the deepening gloom,
The sunny earth is darkened o'er
With shadows from the tomb:
Then through the ages soft and clear,
With solemn sweet refrain,
These "songs of night" in tender tones,
Refresh our hearts again.

"Deep calleth unto deep," says one,
"Thy waves and billows all"
Go over my defenceless head,
While angry waters call;
Yet, in the day time God will still
His loving kindness show,
And in the night His song shall cheer
When hope and trust are low.

Behold! a dark and gloomy cell,
Within whose inner wall,
Two of God's heroes wait and watch
The twilight shadows fall:
'Tis midnight now, they join in prayer,
Then praise the God of light,
And through the prison, all may hear
Their glorious "song of night."

Listen again, for later years
 Have heard another strain,
 God's martyred saints, on distant hills
 Have sung midst smoke and flame,
 Oh precious hope! whose mighty power
 Puts doubt and fear to flight,
 Death's darkest valley is illumed
 With these sweet songs of night.

But days of suffering come, and then,
 We dread the gloomy way,
 And watch the Jordan from afar
 With shudder and dismay:
 The waves seem high, they dash and break
 With never-ceasing roar,
 While stormy surf with heavy mist,
 Hides Canaan's better shore.

Yet often as the waters rise,
 A heavenly form appears,
 The billows firm beneath His tread,
 Awake no anxious fears;
 Then "Death where is thy victory?"
 Triumphant song of night!
 Beloved lips have caught the strain
 Departing from our sight.

In that fair land, the glorious home
 Where "many mansions" wait
 The coming of God's hidden ones,
 Beyond the pearly gate—
 Where tears and weariness are changed,
 To joy and perfect peace,
 There night is ended, but the songs
 Of Heaven shall never cease.

February 15th, 1880.

THE MOUNT CALLED OLIVET.

A hallowed spot this mount of old,
 When, after breaking bread,
 "They sang an hymn," and going forth,
 To "Olivet" were led ;
 A weary band and full of grief,
 The parting hour so near ;
 But Christ the Comforter, e'en then,
 Spoke words of hope and cheer.

Gethsemane was just below,
 Near Kedron's gentle brook,
 Where those disciples in great fear,
 'Their Master all forsook :
 Yet resting on the mount awhile,
 And passing o'er the plain,
 He gives them promise of a time,
 When He shall come again.

Another scene has Olivet,
 When Christ th' ascending King,
 Stands on its summit, leaving earth
 On glad triumphant wing ;
 And His own followers looking up,
 Where the bright clouds were riven,
 Beheld their Master, entering thus,
 As He shall come from Heaven.

And so the name of Olivet,
 Christ's people now may take,
 Memorial of His earthly life,
 Precious, for Jesus sake ;
 Take it, and rear a house of God,
 Where, listening as of old,
 The same sweet story of the cross,
 To numbers shall be told.

Our risen Head! we look to Thee,
 Come in the Spirit's power,
 Hallow our sanctuary now,
 Be this th' accepted hour;
 We wait, we look, as did th' eleven,
 With eager, prayerful gaze,
 Beyond the cloud where Thou art gone,
 Come in these latter days.

Come, and our Olivet will be
 A glorious beacon-light,
 To shipwrecked ones who wearily
 Earth's stormy waters fight;
 "Abide with us," as Leader, Guide,
 Then shall the church increase,
 And Christ's own blessing rest upon
 This "Olive Branch" of peace.

THE SOWER.

*(This poem was written by request of the Rev. John Gordon for his
 paper called " The Sower " published in Buffalo.)*

God speed "THE SOWER" going forth
 Upon life's vast highway,
 To scatter seeds of hope and faith
 Which never can decay:
 Sowing beside all waters 'neath
 Heaven's sunshine, storm and rain,
 Then watching till the blade and ear
 Become the golden grain.

God bless "THE SOWER!" as it tells
 The weary, sin-sick soul,
 Of Jesus, and his mighty love,
 Waiting to make him whole;
 'Twill whisper peace to mourning hearts
 And, opening Zion's gate,
 Urge wandering ones to enter in,
 Who, at the portal, wait.

We *all* are sowers, here and there,
 Unthinking falls the word,
 By which another listening near,
 To nobler deed is stirred;
 And then, perchance, the merry jest,
 When serious thought held sway,
 Has backward turned some careless one,
 Upon the *downward* way.

Let us be *patient* sowers
 From morn till even-tide,
 Dropping the seed with kindly hand,
 Beside the parched wayside;
 And should a stony place refuse
 To keep the precious grain,
 The wind may waft and leave it safe
 In the good ground again.

God speed "THE SOWER!" send it forth
 With blessing and with prayer,
 A welcome guest to home and hearth,
 Its mission *everywhere*,
 May gospel seed spring up and grow,
 Till, as time hastens on,
 The willing reapers bind the sheaves
 For Heaven's glad harvest home!

Montreal, March 12th, 1880.

FROM MY SOFA.

ON RECEIVING A CHOICE BOUQUET FROM A FRIEND.

Ye precious lovely flowers, that fill my room
 With kindly message and rare perfume,
 Winter enfolds the earth, but by my side
 This breath of summer tells where hope may hide.

We'll talk together, these are quiet hours,
 When thought may linger long in memory's bowers,
 And I will tell you, buds and blossoms fair,
 Of other scenes and sister flowerets there.

Sweet blushing Roses, fragrant Mignonette,
 Pale shining Primrose, purple Violet,
 How fair ye grew across the blue seas' foam
 In the loved garden of our childhood's home.

And velvet Pansies, once I saw them tied
 In varied beauty for a fair young Bride,
 No other flower her lover Husband gave,
 Just Hearts-ease, to enshrine the home they made.

Ah pure white rose-buds ! bitter tears are shed
 As breaking hearts lay them beside their dead ;
 And yet we love with flowers to deck the tomb,
 Softly they whisper of immortal bloom.

Once 'mid my plants a Calla Lily grew
 Graceful and fair, so large and perfect too,
 'Twas the first bloom, and, like a welcome guest,
 It graced our table, there we saw it best.

A few days passed, that Lily lay alone
 'T'pon the honoured bier of one just gone,
 A noble woman, who her life had given
 To teach the Gospel, tell of Christ and Heaven.

And so no wreath was there, this one large flower
 Seemed fittest emblem of her loving power,
 For hundreds gathered, both from far and near,
 On Madame Feller's grave to drop a tear.

The children, what rare nosegays they have brought!
 "All for dear Mother" gayest flowers were sought,
 Sweet little chubby hands the offering made,
 By loving kisses tenderly repaid.

Our "gathered Lilies!" safe in Jesus' care
 Who early culled them for His garden, where
 No chilling blast may wither, and no blight
 Can mar their beauty, always pure and white.

Thus, in my quiet room these lovely flowers
 Have borne me company through suffering hours,
 To the kind Friend who sent them shall belong
 Their fragrant memory, wreathed in floral song.

Montreal, March 18th, 1880.

WELCOME.

At the "Welcome Service" held on the arrival of the Rev. Dr. Clarke, in Montreal, to take the pastorate of the Olivet Baptist Church, the following poem from the pen of Mrs. Muir, was read by her son, John M. C. Muir.

Our pastor, welcome! you have left
 Friends by long years endeared,
 Welcome again! and let us prove
 Our trust as true as theirs.
 If 'neath these skies a stranger flag
 Seems emblem of your loss,
 Above us all floats braver yet
 The banner of the Cross!

Our Olivet, in earnest prayer,
 Has waited for this hour;
 God bless our union, make it strong,
 With His own mighty power.
 Pastor and people now go forth
 To sow the precious grain,
 So coming years, in waving corn,
 Shall welcome you again.

In ages past a voice was heard
 Which cried "Prepare the way,"
 The heavenly kingdom is at hand,
 The true light dawns to-day.
 Thus when you preach "Behold the Lamb!"
 May every heart be stirred,
 And close behind his servant's feet
 The Master's step be heard.

We bid you welcome to our land --
 This young Dominion—where
 Strong men and true must strive and delve,
 The nation to uprear.
 May numbers who now bear the yoke
 Of priestly power and sway,
 Break their hard fetters and unite
 Our Saviour to obey.

And welcome, Pastor, to our homes,
 Always an honored guest,
 To share the joys which heaven bestows,
 Welcome when life is blest ;
 And then when clouds in darkening gloom
 Obscure the toilsome way,
 When death draws near, ah! welcome then
 With us to watch and pray.

The wintry months have come and gone,
 Our Church, in joy and pain,
 Together, as true brethren should,
 Have mingled both again ;
 The shock of corn so full and ripe,
 We've laid to quiet rest,
 And wept above the tender lamb
 Folded to Jesus' breast.

But spring returns, these ice-bound shores
 Break from their frosty chain,
 The great St. Lawrence dashes on
 Unfettered to the main ;
 With it a brother well beloved
 We welcome back to-night,
 And grateful for God's guardian care
 In hearty thanks unite.

No record long has Olivet
 Of the time-honored past,
 But earnest, generous men have reared
 A monument to last
 For future years ; they well have borne
 The burden of the day,
 Now all will gladly follow where
 Their leader marks the way.

Yet closer to our glorious Head
 Onward, my brethren, press,
 Buried with Him in Jordan's wave,
 "The Lord our righteousness ;"
 Till with the Saviour, from the Mount
 Of Olivet we rise,
 A ransomed throng, redeemed, prepared
 For mansions in the skies.

God of our fathers ! low we bend
 In humble, grateful prayer,
 Our Pastor and his loved ones leave
 To Thy unchanging care ;
 Abide with us, control, illumine
 Thy Church with life and light,
 Deign Lord, to consecrate and bless
 The Union formed this night.

April 30th, 1880.

"THOU SHALT REMEMBER ALL THE WAY
THE LORD THY GOD HATH LED
THEE."

Hark! to the echoing footfalls
Of the departing year,
Hasting along with eager tread,
Now far away, now near;
Stay for a farewell greeting,
Ye almost vanished days,
Bathed in the softened radiance
Of sunset's golden rays.

Stay, for we would remember
The changeful, shadowy way,
The night of weariness, and then
Sweet rest at break of day!
The storm, and distant thunder,
The rainbow, and the calm,
The trembling moan of pain, and then
The glad thanksgiving psalm,

The meetings of the vanished year!
So precious and so brief,
The loving welcome given, and then
The parting hour of grief;
Yes, we remember all the way
The Lord our God hath led,
Both joy and sorrow from His hand
Have mingled blessings shed.

Some, for this precious Master
 Have willing service spent,
 Toiling and sowing, yet their days
 Have passed in sweet content;
 Others, enthralled by self and sin,
 Have followed pleasure's train,
 And drank from out her treacherous cup,
 Only to thirst again.

Some count their household treasures o'er,
 The same unbroken band,
 While others mourn the loved and lost,
 Gone to the silent land;
 Youth, in life's radiant morning,
 Has passed the golden gate,
 And they are suffering ones, who still
 At its closed portal wait.

Oh earth! thy mysteries are deep,
 We tremble as we gaze,
 And stretch the hand of faith to Him
 Who rules, and guides, and saves;
 Remembering thus, we close the page
 Upon the dying year,
 Father above! the unrodden path
 Leads home, if Thou art there.

December, 1880.

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.

But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three ; and the greatest of these is love.—1 COR. xiii. 13.

Faith, hope and love are precious gifts, the church's glorious
dower,
Emblems of all she holds most dear, true secret of her
power,
Like gleaming stars they pierce the clouds by wind and
tempest riven,
And from the cross of Calvary lead the soul from earth to
Heaven.

By faith we know the worlds were framed by God's Almighty
word,
And, when redemption's wondrous tale the wayward heart
has stirred,
Believing in His love and grace, who came the lost to
win,
Faith shews the fountain opened wide, ready to cleanse from
sin.

And then through all the journey home, faith's angel steps
attend,
With strength and courage for the way, with victory at the
end ;
And sometimes from some mountain height by other pilgrims
trod,
Beyond the mist, faith sees afar, the city of our God.

Hope is the anchor of the soul entering within the veil,
Steadfast as His eternal truth whose words can never fail,
Jesus the great forerunner there, in priestly vesture stands,
He pleads for Zion, yea her name is written on his hands.

"Faith, hope and love abide," but love is greatest of them
all,

How sweet upon all other gifts her benedictions fall,
Love suffereth long, is ever kind, content to be unknown,
Rejoicing in another's good and seeking not her own.

Yes, they abide, Time's surging waves dash other hopes
away,

Earth's cherished goods, so fair to see, are rooted in
decay;

But love, immortal love remains, so faithful, strong and
true,

Waiting with patience till death calls, and all things are
made new.

And love divine! its height and depth we mortals cannot
trace,

We see as in a mirror now, but one day face to face,
With eyes undimmed by self and sin, the wondering soul
will learn

All that was known in part below, and perfect love discern.

Till then, along the desert way, marked by the Master's
feet,

Bearing each others burdens, sharing the joy of each,
Christ's ransomed hosts are passing on, a vast unnumbered
band,

Faith, hope and love their watchword, till they reach
Emmanuel's land.

Montreal, 1881.

THE SINGING CHURCH.

"Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion."—ISA. li., 11.

(The following lines were written after hearing a sermon in the Olivet Church, from the above text.)

The Singing Church! through Time's long distant aisles
 Reverberate her sweet and solemn strains:
 The psalm of praise, the prophet's wondrous voice,
 The angels' song by Bethlehem's hallowed plains.

With willing feet, she comes before the Lord,
 Entering his gates with thankfulness and prayer;
 And, through the ages, hallelujahs rise
 From joyful souls who meet to worship there.

Is there a mourning one amid the throng,
 Longing to flee away on dove-like wings?
 A sacred song tells of His loving care
 Who wept on earth, and yet was King of kings.

The Captive Church, with bowed and drooping head,
 Sang of her Zion in a stranger-land;
 And mountain-caves have treasured in their depths
 The trembling tones of many a martyr-band.

Still sings the Pilgrim Church, and journeys on,
 Crossing the path by ransomed footsteps trod,
 The forward host with victory's cheer advance,
 Seeing afar the city of their God.

And as the notes of fatherland beguile
 The weary exile on his toilsome way,
 So, wafted o'er the silent stream, is heard
 Seraphic music from celestial day.

But listen! as the thrilling tones above
 Responsive meet in one melodious strain,
 A glorious choir resounds, "Worthy the Lamb!"
 The church below repeats the sweet refrain.

Ye silent voices, speak of Jesus' love;
 He waits to save,—begin the glad new song,
 Learn while on earth the harmonies of heaven;
 The Singing Church completes the ransomed throng.

1881.

TO MY SON, JOHN M. C. MUIR,
 ON HIS 21ST BIRTHDAY, MAY 20th, 1881.

Thy birthday! and from many friends will kindly greetings
 come,
 "God bless our boy!" that prayerful wish breaths tenderly
 from home,
 Thy mother, o'er the counted years, looks back with wistful
 gaze,
 The past is her's, you radiant turn to meet the coming days.

The travel'er from some breezy height surveys the pleasant
 land,
 So, by this milestone you may rest, and as you waiting
 stand,
 The sunlight from the distant hills seems breaking o'er the
 plain,
 The merry birds trill joyously, your heart repeats the
 strain.

The heritage of youth and health is thine my boy to-day,
 Thy grandsire's honored name to keep untarnished as you
 may,
 Friendship has clasped thy eager hand, in earnest clasp and
 true,
 And love, from a fair maiden's eyes, responsive turns to
 you.

As in a dream beside thee close, two veiled forms I trace,
 Memory is one, and see she wears a dear familiar face,
 And looking back points here and there, towards the reced-
 ing shore,
 The beacon lights of boyish faith need trimming as of
 yore.

A low sweet song, and Hope appears, all rainbow hues and
 bright,
 Before her, cloud wreaths disappear like shadows of the
 night
 She, stepping forth her hand in thine, beguiles the happy
 time,
 A glamour rests o'er all the days 'neath her bewitching
 smile.

Both shall go with thee launching forth upon life's stormy
 main,
 So shall the past repeat itself, and bless thee yet again ;
 Thy mother's memory keep thee true, and Hope her radiance
 blend
 'To cheer the voyage, share its storms, a kind unchanging
 friend.

'Thy Birthday ! once again I pray God's blessing on my boy,
 Thy father's God whose guidance leads to paths of peace
 and joy,
 Life then may pass in light or shade, its end come soon or late
 A glorious home lies safe and sure beyond the golden gate.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. J. M. CRAMP, D.D.

*Born at St. Peters, Isle of Thanet, July 25th, 1796.
 Died at Wolfville, Nova Scotia, December 6th, 1881.*

Dear sainted Father ! to thy name to-day
 Acadia's sons their honoured tribute pay ;
 So, we thy children turn o'er memory's page,
 Recall the past, although with tear-dimmed gaze,
 And tracing thus the picture time has set
 In living frame-work, unforgotten yet,
 Reguile this waiting time, as one by one,
 They bring before us, Father, Mother, Home.

Our distant birth-place far across the main,
 The house all ivy-crowned is seen again ;
 Within 'tis evening, and the hour of prayer,
 The day of rest is near ; a gentle air
 Comes through the open casement soft and sweet,
 As all sing, "Safely through another week";
 Our Father's clear, strong voice uplifts the song,
 A gentle treble leads the children on ;
 Ah well remembered hour, and dear old tune,
 Ah happy band to be far scattered soon !
 Father above ! when Time's long week is o'er,
 And, one by one, we near the unknown shore,
 May *that* day be, of all the week the best,
 Its dawn the emblem of eternal rest.

The years sped on, and in their varied round,
 How much of earnest faithful work was found,
 In College hall, or from the preacher's desk,
 Serving the master with unwearied zest ;
 His voice and pen maintained the truth and right,
 Denouncing error with unsparing might,
 Still pressing forward on life's busy way --
 As one whose purpose brooked with no delay.

Dear Father ! all too soon, Time's silver thread,
 With unseen fingers, wove upon his head
 A snowy crown ! and yet, those precious years,
 That tranquil resting place ; through misty tears,
 We see the children climb their grandsire's knee,
 He, giving welcome to their noisy glee.
 We look again, the little ones are gone,
 And youth is by his side so fair and strong.

Ah loving group ! you join with us to-day
 A tender tribute to his name to pay ;
 So, when in coming years, you take our place,
 Be yours his heritage of faith and grace.

When the last summons came, all undismayed
 He met the thrilling dash of Jordan's wave ;
 And, as in life, to sing and pray was sweet—
 So, at its close one theme would oft repeat,
 And said, though full of weariness and pain,
 "We'll sing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."
 The loving watcher by his dying bed
 Essayed the words, repeating them instead,
 But he, with feeble voice, took up the strain,
 And in clear accents sang the last refrain :

"Oh that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall,
 Join in the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all."

When passing through the valley's gloomy shade
 In feebleness extreme, he longed for aid,
 How precious were his words, "'Tis time for prayer,"
 Faith clasped his hands that last request to share ;
 Then for himself and those he held so dear,
 The church of Christ, its laborers far and near,
 All were commended to that Heavenly Friend
 Whose changeless love supported to the end.

Beloved Father, laid in dreamless sleep,
 How beautiful his look of perfect peace !
 The weight of years seemed lifted from the brow,
 As though Heaven's rapture soothed his spirit now.

And though with aching hearts we know the door
 Closed softly, whence he can return no more—
 Let us remember, he is laid to rest
 Beside the grave of her who loved him best ;
 There, hushed and still, only the passing breeze
 Whispers melodious through the willow trees ;
 But all beyond there lies a glorious scene,
 The distant water, with sweet fields between,
 While far above, the cloud-wreaths come and go,
 Resting in shadow on the vale below.

God of all comfort ! take us by the hand,
 Life wearies us, nor do we understand
 Earth's sad farewells, its restlessness and pain,
 Hopes fondly cherished, then deferred again.
 A little while, and near the shining strand,
 Our tired feet perchance may faltering stand ;
 Then, may the hallowed memories of to-day,
 The joy of meeting, cheer the gloomy way—
 And the same precious faith to us be given,
 Leaning on which our Parents entered Heaven.

May 31st, 1882.

GRANDE LIGNE JUBILEE,
1885.

The years speed on, marked in their rapid flight
By golden sunshine and the hush of night ;
But there are way-marks where the traveller rests,
The air inspires, the retrospect is blest.
'Tis thus to-day, with tender, grateful hearts,
We lift the curtain of the chequered past,
And overlook, 'mid smiles and gentle tears,
The lights and shadows of full fifty years.

Through the long vista, a fair form is seen,
A noble woman, of sweet, gracious mien,
Who left her home, her lovely Switzerland,
For the rough verdure of this northern strand ;
And with one friend, who like herself had given
His life, his all, to Canada and heaven,
Came to these shores, a thorny path to take,
Bearing love's message for the Master's sake.
Ah! we do well to honor those to-day
Who toiled and labored on that troubled way.
Man threatened oft, but God, Himself, drew near ;
The patient workers, strong in faith and cheer,
Sowed the good seed, and day by day with prayer
Watered and watched it with such tender care,
That it took root and blossomed, till they told
Of thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold.

The little hut, our missionary's home,
Has given place to stronger walls of stone,
Rooms where the colporteur with quiet tread,
Entered alone, and Holy Scriptures read,

Are empty now, instead, the Churches stand
 Like hallowed sentinels about the land ;
 Thousands of souls, some scattered far and wide,
 Have here confessed for them the Saviour died,
 While numbers stand around the great white throne,
 Washed and redeemed by precious blood alone ;
 Let all rejoice, and a fresh altar raise,
 Brought "hitherto," to God be all the praise.

Dear, honoured labourers, gathered here to-day,
 Bearing the burden of life's busy way,
 You, who with loyal, faithful hearts have stood
 And toiled so bravely for your country's good ;
 (Sometimes discouraged, for the foe is strong,
 And superstition holds her captives long),
 Yet, when with weariness and labour spent,
 Has not a day of Pentecost been sent ?
 When youthful lips have owned Christ's power to save,
 And you have seen the early, tender blade
 Uprising here and there, take deeper root,
 Giving fair promise of abundant fruit.
 God spare the labourers long to speak His name,
 And garner in rich sheaves of golden grain ;
 Some time the toil will end, the Master come,
 And angels greet them with the glad "well done."

Yet once again, above our sainted dead,
 Fresh wreaths of immortelles we fondly spread,
 Let coming years to children's children tell
 Of "Feller," "Roussy," names remembered well ;
 And we who meet, and meeting part to-day,
 What hallowed memories may we take away !
 Zion's sweet strains of gratitude and love
 Have blended with the heavenly host above,

Afresh upon these consecrated walls,
 Faith, hope, and love in benediction falls,
 And all go forth, breathing one earnest prayer,
 God bless the mission and His labourers here ;
 Showers of revival and rich increase
 Crown this glad year of unity and peace,
 May we all keep, through Jesus' mercy given,
 The everlasting Jubilee of Heaven.

IN MEMORIAM.

THOMAS CRAMP,

Died Feb. 18th, 1885, in his 58th year.

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."
 (Inscribed on our dear brother's tombstone.)

"Even so, Father," when we faint and shrink,
 Longing to dash grief's bitter cup away—
 To know thou pitiest, and yet mingled all,
 Brings peace to many stricken ones to-day.

For standing here, beside the cold, grey stone,
 Bearing a precious name, we marvel yet,—
 Dear brother! brave and strong, so fit for life,
 When shadowed with this mystery of death.

"Good in Thy sight," alas! our tear-stained eyes,
 Dim with a crushing sorrow, cannot look
 Beyond the present, but Almighty love
 Reads every page of time's unopened book.

We may not choose, our poor, weak, erring love
 Would lavish all that life can bring ;
 But life, at best, what is it ? Time and change
 With withering touch, mar many a pleasant thing.

Dear, honoured dead ! so much beloved by all,
 How strange to leave thee in the silent grave,
 But thy fresh, vigorous life, immortal still,
 Upsprings to Him, who life and being made.

Thy lips were silent at the parting hour,
 There was no farewell, yet we knew thee gone ;
 But still, perchance, thy spirit lingers near
 In tender blessing on thy earthly home.

Ah, when our loved ones pass the golden gate,
 The closed gate which Death unlocks for all,
 Long would we listen, and less patient wait,
 For one brief answer to our trembling call.

Cor., heaven-born Faith ! uphold our feebleness,
 We may not pierce th' unfathomed, the unknown ;
 Oh, Christ, Thyself reveal ! for Thou hast wept
 Beside a tomb, and made our grief Thine own.

Yet more, Oh wondrous love, that for our sake
 Went down awhile into the darksome grave,
 The world's Redeemer slept, that we might touch
 His resurrection life, His power to save.

Time and Eternity, how solemn each !
 Father above, safe guide us on the way,
 Love's broken ties wilt Thou again unite,
 Earth's night of weeping, change to heavenly day.

February 18th, 1886.

AN INCIDENT

Related by a returned lady missionary from India, at the annual meeting of the Women's Board of Missions, suggested the following lines.

(Written for "THE LINK," February, 1888.)

One of India's closed zenanas
 Opens to the gentle tread
 Of a faithful Bible-teacher,
 Who for months the word had read.
 Here a dark-eyed, tender woman,
 A fair daughter by her side,
 Listens to the old, old story
 Of the Saviour crucified.

And it seemed as if each barrier
 To the truth was swept away,
 Yea, that Christ, Himself, had entered,
 Would our sister bid Him stay?
 Blessed tears were slowly falling,
 And the teacher's eyes grew dim,
 As he asked in pleading accents,
 Can you give up all for Him?

Angels waited for the answer,
 And it came so soft and low,
 "May I keep one sacred custom?
 'Tis too precious to let go:
 When the first faint shadows gather
 At the quiet twilight hour,
 When the hush of coming nightfall
 Stills the song-bird, shuts the flower,

"Then is lit the candelabrum,
 With its arms of branching light,
 And, beneath our household idol
 Maidens place it, shining bright,
 Next, two cocoanuts are broken,
 Such the offering that is made,
 While around, fresh, fragrant blossoms,
 Pure jessamine are laid.

"Thus we make our evening worship,
 Husband doffs his turban gay,
 Little children cluster round us,
 Coming in from happy play ;
 Hands are clasped, devout and silent,
 'Tis a time so strangely sweet ;
 Must I pass it by for Jesus,
 Lay this offering at His feet ?"

"Ah, my sister," said the teacher,
 "These are symbols faint and dim,
 Of the perfect, loyal service
 You must render unto Him ;
 Keep the flowers, the glowing lamplight,
 For the solemn evening prayer,
 But the idol-shrine abolish,
 If the Lord of light be there.

"Step by step His hand will lead you
 To the light around the throne,
 Where the King in wondrous beauty,
 Blends all glories into one ;
 There, when closes life's brief day-time,
 May we meet a ransomed throng,
 Earth's mistakes and pain forgotten
 In the new, unending song."

Then, methought, there comes a question
To our Christian homes to-day,
Have we not some goodly treasure,
Some fair idol laid away?
Safe enshrined and worshipped often,
Garlanded with light and bloom,
Where we bow and render service,
Which belongs to God alone.

Father, we are weak and erring,
Make the sacrifice complete,
Some, perchance, have broken idols,
And would lay them at Thy feet;
Take our best, our full allegiance,
Consecrate each heart to Thine,
Perfect faith her all surrenders,
Resting safe on love divine.

IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE FRANCIS MUIR,
Died Jan. 13th, 1890, Aged 34 years.

The New Year dawned,—listening within our home
 Methought its joy-bells had a plaintive tone,
 Memory recalled the tranquil, vanished days,
 The past was roseate with a sunset haze,
 And my poor heart in sad forboding turned
 Wishing Time's opening page might be unlearned.
 Alas! the unwonted dread, the shadowy fear,
 Soon found its echo, for the early year
 Numbered a few short days, when lo, a guest
 Unbidden came, and going, took our best;
 The cherished son, the brother loved so well,
 The warm, true friend,—Ah! what a funeral knell
 Was that which struck so many with dismay
 When his young life passed all too soon away.

Why was *he* taken? there are pilgrim feet
 With dust-stained sandals, rest to such were sweet;
 To them life seems a rough and lengthened road,
 Their added years a sorrow laden load;
 But early manhood, with its promise fair,
 The hopes and joys it ever loves to share,
 The present happy, and the future bright
 With sunny day-dreams, decked in fancy's light;
 Alas! my son, my son, how could it be
 That cruel death in haste should summon thee,
 And leave us weeping at the close shut door,
 From whence our loved ones can return no more.

No more! and must it be? thy mother's gaze
 Bedimmed with tears, recalls the early days,
 When a dear little one, with busy feet
 Carefully tended, made home's music sweet—

And then a school-boy came, with graver face
 And earnest purpose for the highest place.
 While later years in life's exciting mart,
 Bear honoured record of a faithful part.
 The kindly friend, loyal and true as steel,
 With silence for the faults he could not heal,
 And ready always with a courteous grace,
 To own a wrong or cover a mistake.
 But in the home where happy brothers dwelt,
 Loving, and much beloved, 'twas full content;
 The Birthdays ne'er forgot, the Christmas-tide
 Which came and went, to find him at our side,
 The floral offerings to a sick bed brought,
 The good-night kisses when my room he sought,
 Ah, me, the change, to go and come at will
 But listening always for a voice that's still.

His peaceful face when laid in dreamless rest
 Was beautiful, and those who loved him best,
 Entered that quiet room once and again
 In tender farewell breathing the dear name.
 Fragrance and beauty all around him lay,
 Fresh blooming flowers were added day by day,
 Friend after friend, a kindly message sent
 Entwined with roses, or with lilies blent—
 And one poor heart, stricken by sorrow, said,
 Could we but keep him *thus*, our precious dead;
 Then through the silence Hope's sweet message came:
 A little while and you shall meet again.

Father in Heaven! throughout life's changeful way
 Thyself hath led, so now, as day by day
 We miss our loved one, and the gathering night
 Grows cheerless to our sad and fading sight;

We still can trust, for "what we know not now"
 Faith's *afterward* suffices, to Thy will we bow ;
 Grateful for all the joy the past has known,
 Counting the blessings which remain our own,
 We wait the dawn, and watch its earliest ray,
 "Till the day break, the shadows flee away."

TO MY SON, HERBERT BARCLAY MUIR,

ON HIS 21ST BIRTHDAY, JAN. 21ST, 1890.

The years pass on, touched here and there
 By love's sweet golden ray,
 And thus, my boy, our youngest born,
 We give you joy this day ;
 With wistful glance we count them o'er,
 The birthdays come and gone,
 And can but marvel that so soon
 They number twenty-one.

God bless thee, dear one ; tender love
 Has brightened all the past,
 The future is aglow with light
 From Hope's own radiance cast ;
 And near her, watching silently,
 See Faith with outstretched hand,
 Ready to guide, waiting to lead
 Through Time's uncertain land.

Faith, Hope and Love, angelic three,
 Watch o'er my precious boy;
 Whisper with mother's voice sometimes,
 Hallow his days of joy;
 And when life's mountain passes steep
 Unwilling footsteps climb,
 Be swift of wing, and hovering near
 Uphold with strength divine.

My son, take through the coming years
 A purpose brave and high,
 To side with honour, virtue, truth,
 Beneath God's searching eye;
 The vows of early youth repeat
 Within the sacred fold,
 For wisdom's paths are pleasantness,
 Peace marks them, as of old.

A mother's love would give thee health
 And happy, prosperous days,
 True friends, and every earthly good
 The longing heart can crave.
 There is one spot where tender thoughts
 And precious memories twine,
 Where joys are shared, and grief is soothed—
 May such a home be thine.

Our first-born, early called,
 Had but two birthdays here;
 We laid him down in dreamless rest,
 With many a bitter tear.
 Then 'twas life's glowing summer-time,
 Now autumn days are o'er,
 The evening mists grow damp and chill,
 But, on the farther shore,

Sometimes methinks that little form
For mother waiting stands,
Eager to give her welcome home,
With tiny, beckoning hands ;
And there for thee, dear youngest-born,
A faithful watch we'll keep ;
Earth's partings are so sad and long,
Heaven's meeting-time how sweet !

But life awaits thee, and the path
We may not always share
Shall be environed still with love,
With blessing and with prayer.
Youth has its happy heritage
Of sunshine and of joy ;
May all the years fair fruitage yield,—
God keep and bless our boy.

BABY'S PILLOW.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

The baby's pillow, given to my happy keeping
By tender hands with benediction sweet ;
The psalm of life had then melodious measure,
A mother's joy made the full chord complete.

The baby's pillow, by-gone years recalling,
The loving welcome, and the sad good-night ;
The nursery songs, the noise of merry laughter,
The hush of weeping, for the ended life.

Two precious darlings only pressed this pillow
Softly in baby innocence awhile,—
Then He who loves and blesses children,
In His arms bore them to a sunnier clime.

The other three ! my fond heart loves to gather
All the sweet tokens of their baby days ;
Th' unfolding life, the winsome prettiness
Of infant prattle, and of childish ways.

Those were the happy years, the band unbroken,
Time passing on with uneventful tread ;
What eager voices broke the household stillness,
Peaceful the nightfall by each little bed.

Then there were birthday fêtes, when children gathered
From other homes to share the merry feast ;
And the bright summer-time, beside the sea,
Whose dancing waves allured the boyish feet.

So, on and on, the quiet years sped swiftly,
My cherished nurslings grew to man's estate,
And gave me back in overflowing measure,
The tender love a mother counts so great.

Ah ! little pillow, looking wistful backward,
 Life's earlier griefs seem light, beyond compare,
 With the wild storm of sorrow since engulfing
 In its dark waters, so much promise fair.

My son, my son ! to think that I remaining
 In weariness and pain, while thou art gone !
 How ready for life's battle, strong and vigorous,
 I knowing well the journey almost done.

Another gaze, beside the dear ones resting,
 The gathered blossoms of the long ago ;
 Alas ! our life seems almost lost and buried
 With this dear form, lying so still and low.

So much seems gone, only his silent picture
 Remains to weep o'er as the days go by ;
 My heart aches often for his tender greeting,
 Longing in vain to pierce the closed sky.

And yet, amid the shadows, gleams God's sunlight,
 The loved and lost are still our very own ;
 Memory has treasures in her sacred keeping,
 Hope bears us sometimes to the land unknown.

There may we gather in the life immortal,
 The dear ones here, with those already gone,—
 Beyond the gate, shutting out loss and sorrow,
 Together always, in the heavenly home.

March, 1891.

